

# The Rich and Flourishing Cuckold well Satisfied.

Plenty of Cuckolds now, why? that's no News,  
They Christians are, or else your Fathers Jews:  
But yet amongst them all, there's none that thrives,  
But those that give free License to their Wives

Tune is, *The Delights of the Bottle*

To trade with whom they please, the jealous Man  
Must still a Cuckold be, do what he can:  
And never live to see a happy day,  
But waste with jealousie, and pine away.



The Delights of a Cuckold that doth not repine,  
Is his bags full of gold, and his Celler of wine;  
He all enjoyeth, and nothing can want,  
But with his wives friends he may rebel and rant:  
A churlish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,  
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.  
My wife she doth love me, I know't very well,  
For I am not ashamed to all my neighbours to tell:  
For a strange alteration in my living I find,  
I may thank my fine wife, & her friends that are kind,  
But a churlish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,  
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.  
Whilst I thus I live, I was then full of mirth,  
And about to have been: I was forced to go;  
When I came home I had little content.

But I of my folly did quickly repent:  
A churlish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,  
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.  
Fine Gallies each day were desirous to know me,  
I wonder why they so much kindness should owe me:  
Then home along with me these Gallies must go,  
And there make me drunk for a trick that I know:  
But a churlish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,  
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.  
When once to the house I had brought them the way,  
I had store of their companies every day;  
And I being quiet my wife she grew kind,  
And under the Candlestick good I could find:  
But a churlish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,  
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.



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Whilst I thus I live, I was then full of mirth,  
And about to hard labour I was forced to go;  
But now I am home I had little content.

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Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.

**S**he bought me fine cloaths, new hat, and lac'd bands;  
With rich fringed gloves for to put on my hands;  
One pocket had silver, the other had Gold,  
We took a new house, and disdained the old:

But a churlish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,  
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.

Those gallants to please me will often provide,  
Rich dinners for me and the Parrot my Bride;  
When my belly is full, and with Sack I am drunk,  
then away I do march whilst they play with my punk:  
But a churlish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,  
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.

This pleases the youngsters that I leave them alone  
With my wife they can frolique so soon as I'm gone;  
And I'll swear she's a damnable cunning young Jade,  
For without store of Guineys she scorns for to trade:  
But a foolish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,  
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.

I am a rich Cuckold, and 'tis known all about,  
My Purses are so full that the Gold doth run out;  
Both pieces and Guineys come tumbling in,  
And to give them a welcome I count it no sin:  
But a churlish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,  
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.

If my neighbours cries Cuckow just at my own door,  
And swears that my spouse is a wanton young whore;  
I'll take them by the hand, and cry welcome, I trow,  
We needs must be brothers, for we dwell in a row:  
But a churlish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,  
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.

Then let me advise all those that are wed,  
with patience to bear it if their wives horns their head:  
A jealous young Coxcomb shall scarce be forgiven,  
But a Cuckold contented goes sure to Heaven:  
But a churlish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,  
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.

A Heaven on earth we do daily enjoy,  
And another when death shall our bodies destroy;  
There's none that such happiness ever could find,  
As we who are ever contented in mind:  
But a churlish young Cuckold shall ever be poor,  
Whilst we that are willing shall tumble in store.

With Permission, By R. L'Estrange.

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